
Worldly Compliances.

(Price One Shilling and Six-pence.)

Worldly
W
31 45
JAN

(Price One Shilling and Six-pence.)

Worldly Compliances.

DEDICATED TO THE
LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY.



L O N D O N :

Printed for D. JOB, at the *Spread-Eagle*, in *King-street*,
Covent-Garden; R. BALDWIN, at the *Rose*, in *Pater-*
noster-row; and P. STEVENS, facing *Stationers-Hall*.

M. DCC. LII.

Worldly Compliances.

DEDICATED TO THE

LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY.



L O N D O N :

Printed for D. J. at the Great-Booke in King-street,
Court-Garden; R. Baldwin at the Rose in Peter-
borough; and R. Stevens, facing St. Dunstons Hall.

MDCCLIII.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Lady Frances Shirley.

Honoured Lady,

TH O' I am unacquainted with your
LADYSHIP, I am not so with your
character; which gives me the boldness to
dedicate my poor performance to you, as
I hope it may be of use to put some in mind
of religion; and I have hopes that your
name will set a value to my book, which, if
it sells, will be a great charity conferred on
a poor, unworthy object, who is now sup-
ported

ported by the alms of his good friends. Your LADYSHIP's bounty to the poor, I know, appears in all shapes, particularly in distributing books which treat upon religion, to which, I am told, your LADYSHIP has now given up your thoughts and time, and shewed your courage in breaking through the vain customs of the world, which engages the affections of most ladies in your high rank. I pray to God to preserve your life, and continue your brave resolutions to keep on the side of religion, that you may be the instrument of good to all you converse with; which is the hearty prayer of your LADYSHIP's

Most humble and unworthy Servant,

Jeremy Leaf.

T O

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

I **BEG** leave to insert the following Letter, which I received from a very ingenuous correspondent, encouraging me to publish this work.

Mr. LEAF,

“ **I** HAVE perused your histories, and am extremely pleased with them ; therefore, with the greatest pleasure approve of your design in printing them ; hoping you will reap all the advantage to yourself, which so noble a design does deserve : and my sincere prayer is, they may be to the use of edifying, to every one who shall read them, they being a means of conveying the great truths to the mind, which, undoubtedly, must
“ be

“ be allowed by all who will attend seriously to
 “ them---- But, oh ! how averſe is our nature to at-
 “ tend to theſe things, which only can contribute true
 “ pleaſure in this life, and eternal happineſs in the
 “ next ? It is the only ſubject worth beſtowing our
 “ precious time upon, and, when ſeriously conſidered,
 “ gives ſuch true joy to the believer, that, I think, we
 “ cannot too often communicate this great truth to
 “ the world, who we ſo much deſire ſhould ſhare in
 “ the great happineſs which every true chriſtian en-
 “ joys. I admire your dreſſing it in ſo many ſhapes,
 “ as I hope it will be a means of drawing the attention
 “ of your readers ; but, for fear of your giving any
 “ offence, I would adviſe you to inform the publick
 “ the perſons you have mentioned, are not deſigned
 “ for any particular people, but only made uſe of as
 “ characters repreſenting the old and new nature, in
 “ different ſtations of life ; and to ſhew how im-
 “ poſſible it is for the new and regenerate nature to
 “ comply with the world in any of their amuſements,
 “ which they find by the ſcriptures are intirely oppoſite
 “ to the will of God, which is the believers great hap-
 “ pineſs to perform : and they find thoſe amuſements
 “ they once thought made their happineſs, are now be-
 “ come ſo very inſipid to them, that they cannot con-
 “ deſcend to throw away ſo much time in them, having
 “ a far greater pleaſure which none can experience, but
 “ thoſe who have intirely given up all thoſe ſinful di-
 “ verſions, which the world is pleaſed to call innocent
 “ amuſements ; though I know, by my own experience,
 “ they

“ they never begin to please, ’till they gratify some na-
 “ tural sinful temper in the mind ; though some affirm,
 “ they frequent those publick diversions, when they
 “ have no pleasure in them, purely to comply with the
 “ customs of the times ; and, to retain the esteem of the
 “ world, they are obliged to consent to all these amuse-
 “ ments, which in themselves are disagreeable to them ;
 “ but they find it is absolutely necessary to appear in
 “ publick, or they would be looked upon with no re-
 “ spect in the world, where they have always expected
 “ their happiness ; and which, they do acknowledge,
 “ never made them truly so : but how can they be
 “ happy, when they follow a wrong course of life, so
 “ very contrary to the christian rule, which only can
 “ make them perfectly happy, when once they have
 “ renounced the world with all its vanities ? I think,
 “ you have given in your histories the true rule of at-
 “ taining the christian faith : therefore, I hope, all who
 “ have any regard for their own happiness, will set them-
 “ selves about finding it out by your rule ; which, with
 “ the grace of God, I hope will answer all your good
 “ intentions ; is the great desire of

“ Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

“ F. MEANWELL.”

“ they never begin to please, till they gratify some na-
 “ tural sinful temper in the mind; though some affirm,
 “ they frequent those publick diversions, when they
 “ have no pleasure in them, purely to comply with the
 “ customs of the times; and, to retain the esteem of the
 “ world, they are obliged to consent to all these amuse-
 “ ments, which in themselves are disagreeable to them;
 “ but they find it is absolutely necessary to appear in
 “ publick, or they would be looked upon with no re-
 “ spect in the world, where they have always expected
 “ their happiness; and which, they do acknowledge,
 “ never made them truly so: but how can they be
 “ happy, when they follow a wrong course of life, so
 “ very contrary to the christian rule, which only can
 “ make them perfectly happy, when once they have
 “ renounced the world with all its vanities? I think,
 “ you have given in your histories the true rule of at-
 “ taining the christian faith: therefore, I hope, all who
 “ have any regard for their own happiness, will let them-
 “ selves about finding it out by your rule; which, with
 “ the grace of God, I hope will answer all your good
 “ intentions; is the great desire of

“ Your sincere friend and well-wisher;

“ F. MEANWELL.”

Worldly Compliances.

Dear Madam,

HAVING received great pleasure in your correspondence this summer, I am desirous to make amends for the dulness of my letters, by sending you the private histories of three of my particular friends; which, I think, will fully settle the dispute between you and me, concerning Worldly Compliances.

Bath, Sept. 20, 1751.

Ever Yours,

P. D.

The History of the Lady Feliciania.

LADY Feliciania was the heiress of a noble family, educated in all the pomp and grandeur of life, and fond of every vanity to a high degree. Soon after she came of age, and mistress of her great fortune, she was won by the artful caresses of *Ambitionia*, a man of a beautiful person, and a mind perfectly accomplished in every polite science which renders the man of figure conspicuous in the world; to which was added so much art and address, that it has been observed, he has never failed to accomplish every design he has pursued: but alas! all his designs were confined to this world, and he regarded the praises of men more than the praise of God.

Imagine this couple (in appearance) living two years in the highest worldly felicity: but observe, in the midst of all this, the honest confession lady Feliciania makes to one of her sincere friends, whom

she could venture to trust, because she was in religion, had left the world, and had no interest to betray her.

Discourse between Lady Feliciania and Lady Secludia.

Lady Feliciania. My dear *Secludia*, I am the most envied woman upon earth, that you'll allow.

Lady Secludia. By all, I allow, except those who know the happiness we find in religion, which sets us above the world.

Lady Feliciania. I know nothing of your happiness; but I am sure, by experience, there is no worldly happiness: — there is none in beauty; for it can secure no man's heart for any certain time: — there is none in a large fortune; for that only serves to increase a number of false friends, who betray you to their own private views: — there is none in rich clothes; for my gold and silver tires me: — there is none in vain show; for I observe many more ridicule than commend: — there is none in high birth; for I am obliged to watch the looks of every creature, for fear I should neglect a courtesy. — I see, what I possess is the aim of every woman; and yet I am not happy with it. What is the reason?

Lady Secludia. My dear *Feliciania*, you are, at present, in a state wherein none ever was happy: you was born a fallen spirit, through the transgression of your first parents: you have happiness offered you, through faith in Christ; which happiness, in this world, consists in being sensible our blessed Saviour has made atonement for our sins, and reconciled us to the favour of God; in our receiving the assistance of his holy Spirit to remove sin from our hearts, (which is the cause of all our misery;) in our earnest desire to obey the will of God upon earth; in finding all our prayers answered; and in delighting to obey the rule of the holy Scriptures; with the divine comforts which God pleases to vouchsafe to every sincere christian. This is the only path which leads to true happiness; every other way will deceive you.

Lady Feliciania. I believe my dear *Secludia* feels all she says, though I have no idea of this kind of happiness, but would give the world to think as you do.

Lady

Lady Secludia. I have been what you are; and, I am sure, you may be what I am.

Lady Feliciania. Tell me how?

Lady Secludia. Take a christian life for your pattern. I will call you to church twice a day; I will give you books of devotion; I will tell you my rule of life. Trust me for a time: give up the world, while you are pursuing this happiness: make it your whole intention to obtain the christian faith. Faith is the gift of God, and will be obtained through prayer and a holy life. The meaning of a holy life is a sincere desire of doing, or omitting, every action of our lives, as we think it most pleasing, or displeasing, to God; in searching what is his will in the scriptures, and begging his grace to direct our understanding of them; and a sure trust that God will enable us to perform all that he commands us to do.

Lady Feliciania. You tell me, you are happy in forsaking the world; I am miserable in it; therefore I will try after your happiness, tho' I despair of obtaining it.

Lady Secludia. Whoever will trust the christian faith so far, as to give up their false happiness, will soon obtain the true: but we cannot have these two pursuits in our mind at once; I cannot desire to please God, and have any regard to please the world; for, I know, if my design is to please God (his pleasure ought to please every reasonable creature) therefore I must not regard the false opinions of the world. Learn this maxim, be earnest in pleasing God, and indifferent to the world, and all things will go well in your own breast.

Lady Feliciania. This hope, my dear *Secludia*, wins me to your party.

Now suppose lady *Feliciania* one fortnight in the christian rule of life; wherein she finds that comfort, she had in vain pursued through all her worldly scenes. She grows impatient for *Ambitionia's* return from the country, that she may acquaint him with this great truth; being fully persuaded, he will receive it with the same ingenuity as she had done; but, to her great surprise, *Ambitionia*, big with politick schemes, scarcely attends to what she tells him; says, he is glad to hear she is happy, and, in a hurry, dresses for Court.

She takes every opportunity of repeating this truth, which he bears patiently at first, and then grows angry; upon which, she forbears speaking for a time. As he was a man of great consequence in the world, and continually employed, a month passed on in this manner without notice; when, one day, lady *Feliciania*, to her great surprize, found no person at dinner but *Ambitionia*; as soon as the servants were dismissed, he began to discourse this matter with her, and, in a resolute tone, told her,

Ambitionia. Madam, I can't suffer you to live in this manner; you expose me as well as yourself: don't let me see any prayer-books lying about: why don't you dress as you used to do? and, I must tell you, if you intend to go on in this hypocritical way, I won't live with you.

Lady *Feliciania*. I am very sorry to see you uneasy at what makes me happy; but, as my happiness is eternal, I can't part with it.

Ambitionia. Then I see you are determined to break my heart, and will not regard a word I say: — but you'll find I am your best friend.

Lady *Feliciania*. There is nothing I desire so much as to see you as happy as myself.

Ambitionia left the room in a passion: lady *Feliciania* silently prayed to God to direct her right, and is now convinced of the opposition the love of the world makes to the christian faith.

For three months after this conversation, lady *Feliciania* never saw *Ambitionia* in a good humour. She tried all ways to please him (except what concerned her religion) but found it all in vain: every thing she did was wrong taken, and nothing would satisfy, but going into the world again.

Now observe *Ambitionia* in another light. He grows civil to lady *Feliciania*, and carries her with him to his country-seat; puts on an artful good humour, and tries to divert her in things she approves: he permits her cloathing several of his poor tenants, and employing them in a proper way: he does not forbid her giving good books, and lets the parson of the parish read short prayers once a day to the family: he proposes several little expeditions, to take a view of the neighbouring countries: he never mentions any thing contrary

to

to her religion: and, by every art, tries to engage her affections. After two months spent in this delusive scheme, he introduces dean *Lucre*; a man whose religion is all confined to this world; one of great ingenuity and heathen learning; polite, good-humoured; in short, a genteel, moral clergyman. *Ambitionia* (who is an absolute unbeliever) hopes, by introducing a man of this character, to influence the mind of lady *Feliciania* to approve of his religion, and quit her own rigid opinions. He soon finds an opportunity to leave the dean alone with lady *Feliciania*, who, observing *Ambitionia* had quitted the room, immediately begins a discourse upon religion.

Lady Feliciania. Give me leave, mr. dean, to ask your opinion of the third chapter of St. *John's* gospel?

Dean *Lucre*. St. *John's* gospel, madam! what is your opinion of it?

Lady Feliciania. I think, this chapter teaches us, a man may be learned in the scriptures, believe in the miracles of our Saviour, and yet have no saving faith; as we find was the case of *Nicodemus*, who could not understand how a man should be born a second time.

Dean *Lucre*. Born a second time! what do you apprehend from that, madam?

Lady Feliciania. I apprehend, that, as we are, by nature, born the children of *Adam*, so, by spiritual regeneration, we are again born of the nature of Christ, and made the children of God.

Dean *Lucre*. Regeneration, madam, we hold to be received in baptism.

Lady Feliciania. That I can't allow: because I see the same wicked nature prevail in those who have been baptized, as I see in *Turks* and heathens: neither are persons sensible of their own corrupt nature, till they become regenerate, which state discovers to them their sinful nature.

Dean *Lucre*. These things I believe, madam, are, a good deal, owing to fancy; religion is a thing to be practised, not to be talked of.

Lady Feliciania. The christian faith, mr. dean, is like a city set on a hill; it cannot be hid: it will shew itself both in our words and actions. I think it a sure mark that faith is not true which we are unwilling to speak of.

Dean

Dean Lucre. Faith, undoubtedly, is very necessary; but worldly duties must not be neglected; and innocent amusements, by way of keeping up a friendship with the world, are very proper for a christian.

Lady Feliciania. Undoubtedly, we ought to love every creature as ourselves, and try all ways to persuade them to become believers in Christ.

Dean Lucre. But all will not bear such serious subjects, and the mind requires a little relaxation and innocent amusements.

Lady Feliciania. Pray, mr. dean, what do you call innocent amusements?

Dean Lucre. What objection has your ladyship to a good play, there is instruction in it?

Lady Feliciania. A christian, in my sense, never wants amusements; their religion is their pleasure, and their instruction they find in the scriptures: in plays they hear several things contrary to the christian religion; neither can they give their time, or money, to the encouragement of a heathen diversion, and nursery of a profligate set of people, who might become good christians, were they not actors on the stage; but, while they remain so, are incapable of living christian lives; so that, if they receive the christian faith, they must immediately leave the stage.

Dean Lucre. Then, madam, are you determined never to see another play?

Lady Feliciania. No, not till I turn heathen.

Dean Lucre. Well, madam, we will put plays out of the question; but you can't object to an innocent game at cards, to amuse your sick friends.

Lady Feliciania. Gaming has such fatal consequences, that I dare not support it in the least degree: neither can I allow it an amusement, but rather a gratification of a covetous humour; for no game will amuse, unless you play for money.

Dean Lucre. What does your ladyship think of a ball, with chosen company, and the mothers sitting by? you can have no objection to such an amusement.

Lady Feliciania. The most favourable construction you can make of a ball, is, that it fills the minds of young people with vanity, and encourages them to set a value upon a few artick motions; and,
what

what is worse, I have never seen a ball without a design or a quarrel: and, to shew it is not an innocent amusement, there is no lover can bear to see his mistress dance with any other man.

Dean *Lucre*. I will name you one amusement you can't object to, and that is a private concert, performed at the house of a person of fashion, of unblemished character.

Lady *Feliciania*. If the musick is only directed to animate our praise or prayer to God, I think it agreeable to the christian mind; but, if this praise is given to a heathen *Jupiter*, or a beautiful *Phyllis*; if I ask my happiness of an *Artaxerxes*, or my life of *Lindamira*; I think it no better than worshipping of idols.

Dean *Lucre*. Oh! madam, they don't mean any thing in these songs, 'tis only to amuse.

Lady *Feliciania*. Sure no person of sense can be amused with words, or even sounds, without a meaning.

Dean *Lucre*. What, if half a dozen people of wit and humour should meet at my house, to kill two or three hours with innocent conversation, without speaking of religion, could you scruple to make one in this party?

Lady *Feliciania*. A christian has this rule for conversation; Let it be to the use of edifying, that it may administer grace to the hearers. But how will you make your conversation edifying, or innocent, if you exclude religious subjects? Who can make a story entertaining, if they strictly observe truth? Where is the witty repartee without malice? Who can speak of themselves without vanity, or pass an evening in this polite conversation, without injuring somebody's character? I think time too precious to be wasted in this manner, and must beg to be excused.

Dean *Lucre*. Madam, the world won't bear these particularities; and you don't consider how you injure *Ambitionia's* character in the world, by not complying with their ways.

Lady *Feliciania*. I am very sorry the world is so contrary to the rule I follow, which is that of the holy scriptures.

Dean *Lucre*. Madam, the scriptures are not to be taken in a literal sense.

Lady *Feliciania*. Is not the scripture the law of God? and are we not to observe it as such? how do you understand the laws of

the land? would you tell a robber the laws are not to be taken in the literal sense, and therefore he may safely pick a pocket.

Dean *Lucre*. But, madam, if you put an end to all publick diversions, numbers will be ruin'd, and their families starv'd.

Lady *Feliciania*. I apprehend our laws are such, no-body need starve, if they will submit to a mean way of life; and I think their eternal interest of so much more consequence than any thing can happen to them in this world, that it is better for them to carry burthens, than perform upon publick theatres.

Dean *Lucre* begins to feel his temper so ruffled with this discourse, that he retires without another reply; he walks into the garden, where he meets *Ambitionia*, who accosts him in the following manner.

Ambitionia. My dear friend, what is your success? I am impatient to hear.

Dean *Lucre*. I fear Lady *Feliciania* is so fix'd in her opinions, that it will be impossible to bring her back into the world again.

Ambitionia. Is it not extraordinary a woman of her sense can take these whims? there never was a woman more engaging to the world, or agreeable to a husband, than *Feliciania*: her person beautiful; her turn of conversation elegant and sprightly; her judgment sound; and her behaviour prudent in all respects, but this of religion. I could trust her in every thing: whatever affair, either of pleasure or business, I have desired her to conduct, has more than answered my wishes. But this cursed religion ruins all my happiness; I can't bear it!

Dean *Lucre*. My lord, I hope, after a little time, you will make this matter easy to you; consider how few happy marriages there are in the world: if you can keep this affair secret, that your character may not suffer by it, that is the chief point.

Ambitionia. For my own part, I could like her very well with the religion she has, was it not for the opinion of the world; but I know the world will not bear a man should suffer any true religion in his family, tho' some few approve the show of it.

Dean *Lucre*. Now let me tell you my opinion of a religion which gives no offence in the world: a lady of fashion may go to church every Sunday morning, take the sacrament three times a year, may go to prayers

prayers all the passion-week (if she is in town;) if she never speaks of religion in company, nor scruples play *Sunday* evenings, and forbids nursery-maids talking religion to her children; such a religion passes without censure in the world: but more they will not bear; nor more I never preach.

Ambitionia. My dear dean, tell me what is it people mean by having a religion; which makes every body their enemy: you would be surpriz'd to hear what I have suffer'd, upon the account of lady *Feliciania's* religion; for a whole month after she left going to publick places, I never entered an assembly, but her friends came crowding about me, to ask what was the reason of lady *Feliciania's* becoming religious, and going to church three times in a day, and sitting up all night at her prayers: and again, my own friends wonder'd I would suffer this religion in my wife, and not shew myself master: and some cast the reflection upon me; in short, I found my character suffer so much, it urg'd me to behave in such a rude manner, and say things to her, I never thought of saying.

Dean *Lucre.* My lord, this religion, which provokes the present world, is only the old primitive christianity reviv'd; which was very right in those times, but our modern clergy have brought religion upon another footing: what we preach now, resembles more the *Greek* and *Roman* maxims; as much as we can, we lay aside the christian faith; at *Christmas* and *Easter*, indeed, we are obliged to mention it: at all other times we aim at nothing higher than morality. The art of preaching, in short, is to send away every particular hearer satisfied with their own conduct, and pleas'd with the preacher.

Ambitionia. My dear friend, I am charm'd with your honest confession; pray tell me, what is the difference between a primitive christian (as you call them) and a *Roman* philosopher?

Dean *Lucre.* A philosopher is a man who concludes, from considering the wonderful frame of the heavens, and the beautiful product of the earth, there must be an almighty superior Being, who created man; and (they think) indued him with reason sufficient to govern his passions, and direct him to tread in the paths of virtue; but then, observing that virtue was a bar to their obtaining the riches and honours of this world, wherein the knave has the advantage, reason tells them, there must be a future state, wherein virtue shall be rewarded, and vice punished.

Ambitionia. I must differ with your philosopher, in regard to the power reason has in governing the passions; for, I find, if I have a strong desire for any thing, ever so unreasonable, my reason assists me to obtain it, and will also find excuses to satisfy the world and my own mind, it is right for me to pursue my pleasures: tho' my reason sees my conduct very wrong in others, yet it can always make an excuse for myself; I see my reason partial to my vices, therefore I think reason will never subdue my passions; if ever I become a lover of virtue, and despise riches and honours, I believe I must be born again, as my lady *Feliciania* says! I think I have silenced your philosopher; now let me encounter your primitive christian: what has he to say?

Dean *Lucre.* The primitive christians, my lord, were a poor despised people, with a particular set of notions; they never attained honours or wealth, 'till they gave into the *Roman* politicks; afterwards the church became considerable, and kings and great men took the name of christians.

Ambitionia. Tell me what was their particular set of notions?

Dean *Lucre.* The primitive christians, we are told, forsook all their pursuits in this world, to follow the doctrines of Christ, whom they believed to be God, and thought he would give them power to conquer sin; and that, if they pray'd to him, he would change all their worldly tempers into heavenly, and make them despise themselves for ever having placed their happiness in this world: they looked upon death as a release from misery, and the entrance into eternal happiness; they firmly believed all their sins were pardoned, because Christ died for them, and all believers; they pretended to experience heavenly joys in this life; they thought the merits of Christ's holy life were imputed to them; they loved their enemies, and such as used them spitefully, they would pray might be forgiven; they did not pretend they could do any good in their own strength, but every thing thro' prayer to Christ; in which exercise, and singing psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, they spent the greatest part of their time; they took the scriptures in the literal sense; and, as they strictly made them their rule of life, were a particular sort of people the world always avoided.

Ambitionia. Mr. dean, I am of your opinion, that lady *Feliciania's* religion is the same of these primitive christians; it has certainly changed her temper, and made her despise the world; if I could persuade myself to part with my beloved sins, I would embrace this religion, but at present the world prevails with me.

Dean *Lucre.* I don't find my religion takes the love of the world out of my heart; I can enjoy the world as much as any heathen.

Ambitionia. Why, my dear dean, you are a heathen; you don't believe any change of heart, and being born a second time; you have too much sense.

Dean *Lucre.* I believe, my lord, your *Star* and my *Scarf* cover much the same heart, and the same faith: but come, let us lay aside this subject, I don't love to talk of religion: can I be of any service to you in settling this affair with lady *Feliciania*?

Ambitionia. Give me your opinion what I had best do?

Dean *Lucre.* As lady *Feliciania's* principles are so particular, and may do great hurt in the world, by bringing a reproach upon the clergy, as well as hindering your success in the world; I think the best way is to hide her at her own estate in *Cornwall*, where she may live concealed, with proper management; want of health may be the pretence; I can prevail with doctor *Pliable* to find out a new water near the place, which he may send her to, and that always passes upon the world.

Ambitionia. My dear dean, you shall be a bishop for this thought.

It was soon after determined lady *Feliciania* should take her journey to *Cornwall*; in which she acquiesced with a great deal of pleasure, and with some hopes her dear *Ambitionia* would in time grow weary of the world, and chuse to retire with her, and give up the remainder of his time in pursuit of eternal happiness.

The History of Realletta, Daughter to Lady Prudentia.

LADY *Prudentia*, in her youth, had been much admired, by some, for a great beauty, and was one of those girls intirely guided by fashion: she had many lovers, but not none really so, except *Constancio*; who followed her several winters, and, in that frightful age of thirty, she was prevailed upon to become his wife. A few years after their marriage, they found it convenient to retire to their seat in the north, where she lived a mortified life ten years, at the end of which *Constancio* died. After a decent time given to grief, she brings the beautiful *Realletta* up to *London*, where she determines to spend the remainder of her days in pleasure; and, if possible, to marry *Realletta* to a young man of quality. *Realletta* was in her eighteenth year; she had a very beautiful person, good sense, a remarkable sweet temper, and free from all disguise.

Among many old friends who came to visit lady *Prudentia*, lady *Fidelia* was the most remarkable, choosing to come to her, when she was alone. One morning, when the young *Realletta* was sitting by her mother, lady *Fidelia* came in with a smile upon her face, of which lady *Prudentia* asked the reason.

Lady *Fidelia*. My dear old friend, that glass was the occasion of my smile; I was struck with the difference of my own figure, since you saw me last, and imagined your surprize at the alteration you would see in me.

Lady *Prudentia*. The smoke of *London*, and late hours, ruin the complexion; you don't see my complexion much worse than when you saw me last.

Lady *Fidelia*. I hope, that neither of us now think of complexions, or charming, any longer. Oh! 'tis a great pleasure to get beyond the vanities of this life, and to have our minds fixed upon that happiness which is to last for ever. I find greater joy in religion than ever I found in the world.

Lady *Prudentia*. I don't apprehend, madam, that religion hinders us from enjoying any of the innocent pleasures of the world; and, I think, while we have health, we are never too old for amusements: this world is given us to enjoy.

Lady

Lady Fidelia. I look upon this life rather as a trial, than a pleasure; upon myself as a condemned criminal, 'till I have received my pardon through faith in Christ; and afterwards, as a rebel, accepted with my prince, according as he finds me faithful to him.

Lady Prudentia. Pray, madam, have you changed your religion, since I saw you? You were not used to talk at this rate; I am sure you was fonder of the world than ever I was?

Lady Fidelia. I certainly was very fond of the world, 'till I perceived that was the enemy which hindered my obtaining the christian faith. When I began to consider I had but a short time to live in this world, I thought it proper to search after that happiness which is eternal: the death I once so much dreaded, now represents to my thoughts a glorious scene of pleasure beyond its gates; to those unseen delights I now direct all my views in life.

Lady Prudentia. Madam, you are your own mistress; you may do as you please; but I have duties in life which I must not neglect: I have a daughter I must see well married; for which reason I must keep up a friendship with the world, and my religion must be what the world approves.

Lady Fidelia. Did we weigh the value of time, and of what consequence every day may be to our eternal happiness, sure we could never lead a young creature we love into that scene of vanity; of which the best we can say is, that it is designed to kill the hours which are so precious.

Lady Prudentia. Pray, madam, what are all these goods things, that God gives his creatures, designed for, if we are not to enjoy them? Are we to shut up our eyes and our ears, and live like martyrs that are to be put to death the next day? Thank God! this is not the age of a suffering religion: we are now allowed to enjoy this world and be chearful, and we ought to make religion agreeable to young people; such a religion as you talk of would frighten them, and make them have no religion at all.

Lady Fidelia. These goods things of the world, which God gives us, are, to the corrupt nature, snares and temptations; and what was designed for blessings, to man innocent, are become a curse to the fallen nature: therefore, when our Redeemer came upon earth, he would have none of these things the world values; he took upon him no worldly grandeur; he was called the carpenter's

penter's son, and had not where to lay his head: and his followers must be meek and lowly in spirit; and, in their affections, forsake all their worldly treasures, and look upon this world as dross and dung, that they may win Christ.

Lady Prudentia. How could the world go on, if every body was to think as you do?

Lady Fidelia. I think we should be a far happier people, were we all believers in Christ, and lived christian lives.

Lady Prudentia. But pray, madam, if no body is to be saved, except they live in your strict way, what is to become of all the rest of mankind?

Lady Fidelia. I say, no body is happy, but in the degree their nature is changed: while we keep our sins, we keep our miseries, and cherish a hell in our own breasts; and should be no more happy in heaven, might we be admitted there, than we feel ourselves now in a life of devotion, which you seem to think so impracticable in this world.

Lady Prudentia. I doubt your christian scheme would starve many families: you don't consider how many trades are supported by vanity.

Lady Fidelia. I believe, if we consider this affair, we shall find all those trades, which depend upon fashion, have ruined more than they have supported: and, was trade confined to useful things only, it would be more advantageous to the nation in general.

Lady Prudentia. I beg, madam, you and I may not pretend to settle the nation; we will leave that to the parliament; and so, madam, your servant, for I see it is time to call lady *Faddle* to the sale. I suppose, now, you think me a worldly creature, to spend two hours in choosing a bit of china that is not useful. Well, your servant.

Realetta. I would have you dress to-day after the fashion of lady *Betty All-airs*. Be sure you are ready for the company I have asked to dinner. [*Lady Prudentia goes out.*]

Realetta. I am sorry to find mamma thinks she must neglect her duty to God, upon my account; I desire nothing so much as to be a good christian, and hope she will never force me to marry, for I would rather live retired, and give up my time to religion. I shall

shall be thankful to lady *Fidelia*, if she will inform me of the christian faith, for I am very ignorant.

Lady Fidelia. A sincere desire to believe what God commands us to believe will soon bring us to the truth. Faith is the gift of God, and will be obtained by prayer.

Realletta. I perceive, then, prayer is the desire of the heart, and that God will give me power to obey all his commands, if I ask it of him. Pray tell me, what is that love of the world I am commanded in scripture not to have?

Lady Fidelia. There are two sorts of people; believers in Christ, who are said not to be of this world, because they place their happiness in their Saviour, and that spiritual kingdom he gives them; unbelievers are such people who place their happiness in this world, and have no joy in religion. These last are the people who invent many ways to employ the mind, and divert it from serious thoughts; they laugh at those who pretend to love God, say they delight to apprehend the joy of his presence continually in their minds, and are fearful of every thing which will rob them of their spiritual comfort; they say no-body can be always thinking of God, it would drive them mad; and, by way of making them forget God, they invent such sorts of amusements, where it would be absurd to speak of God. These people appear to the believer really mad; they dress themselves in strange, ridiculous dresses; are always affecting mirth, in the midst of a sad, miserable life; and most resemble a set of fools dancing over their graves. From all that these people have invented is the world you have to avoid. If you take the scriptures for your rule of life, they will be a certain guide to you in all events.

Realletta. I desire no worldly amusements, they are disagreeable to me; tell me, how far I may submit to them, in order to please mamma.

Lady Fidelia. The christian faith makes such a change in the heart, that it will be impossible for you to please a worldly mother. 'Tis as necessary to have the spirit of the world to make us agreeable in it, as it is necessary to have the spirit of devotion to make our prayers accepted with God: and, therefore, all you have to do, in regard to your mother's commands, is to shew her the christian temper, and keeping stedfast to the rule of the scriptures.

Realletta.

Realletta. This trial I met with to-day ; *St. Paul* tells me I must put on modest apparel ; my mother commands me to dress after lady *Betty All-airs* : I can't think her dress modest ; what shall I do ?

Lady Fidelia. I think you must put your cap upon your head, your handkerchief upon your neck, your gown upon your shoulders, and wear a hoop no wider than the door.

Realletta. I am sure mamma won't bear me in her sight in such a dress as you describe ; but I'll observe *St. Paul's* advice, and dress modest, tho' I suffer for it ; if mamma bids me go to a *ridotto*, tell me, what I must say to excuse myself ?

Lady Fidelia. Tell her *St. Paul* mentions revellings in the catalogue of those sins which exclude us from entering the kingdom of heaven ; and she must own, *ridotto's*, masquerades, drums, *Renalagh*, *Vaux-ball*, &c. come under the article of revellings.

Realletta. What must I say, when she bids me go to spend the evening with young ladies in worldly chat ? which consists of bragging, ridicule, singing *French* songs, telling love-tales, and talking of dress.

Lady Fidelia. I think you may tell her, this conversation is that foolish talking and jesting forbid in scripture.

Realletta. Mamma has often bid me read the scriptures, and what I find there, I hope she will permit me to observe.

Lady Fidelia takes her leave. *Realletta*, dress'd in modest apparel, is ready to attend her mother's company, who leave her at seven : soon as she found herself alone with *Realletta*, in an angry tone of voice, she begins to chide her for her dress and behaviour.

Lady Prudentia. Child ! what is it you mean by contradicting my orders ; do you think yourself dress'd in the fashion ? why I should take you for a *Quaker* ; what a sanctified look you put on ; you have behaved in such a manner to the company, I have been dying with shame for you ; when any body speaks to you, you seem like a person waked out of a dream ? I was afraid, sometimes, the company would think you were saying your prayers : what must the world think of me, to see you behave in this manner ?

I sup-

I suppose you have been talking with my lady *Fidelia*, and intend to follow her fashions.

Realletta. I am very sorry, madam, my behaviour displeases you; should I not dress in modest apparel, avoid foolish talking and jesting, and follow the rule of the scriptures?

Lady Prudentia. You impudent huffy! do you pretend to take the scripture for your rule of life? 'tis what no body of fashion does now: if you pretend to have a grain of religion more than myself, I will turn you out of my house; don't let me see any more of these puritan airs; and, pray, when I take you to church a *Sunday*, look about you, and mind who courtseys to you, look gay, and smile at your acquaintance, and seem as if you did not think of religion.

Realletta. I thought the reason of our going to church was to unite all our earnest desires in prayer, for the grace of God to purify our corrupt hearts, and to praise him for all the blessings we receive; I should hope every person does receive some spiritual advantage in coming to church; if I pray for my acquaintance, sure that is kinder than returning their foolish ceremonies.

Lady Prudentia. Get you out of my sight this instant; let me see no more of you, 'till you think of religion as I would have you.

[*Realletta leaves the room in tears.*]

Enter Mrs. Patchup.

Mrs. Patchup. Madam, What is the matter with miss *Realletta*, I met her in tears?

Lady Prudentia. Why, madam, this is a sad case; I had flattered myself with hopes of marrying the girl great; and she has taken to religion, which, you know, will ruin her, in the opinion of the world.

Mrs. Patchup. I am sure, now-a-days, there is nothing a man dreads so much as a religious wife; you must rout her out of this fancy; can't you persuade her to go to publick places?

Lady Prudentia. She seems so fixed in her opinions, and so calm, I dread the consequence! I fear I shall never get any body to have her.

Mrs. Patchup. Why, there's lord *Dupe* has a vast estate; his father wants to marry him to a sober woman, that will play at cards with

with him and my lady; 'tis true, he is a distempered young man, has a weak understanding, is a little turned in his head; but she'll be a lady! I know his family want excessively to marry him at this time, for fear he should marry his mistress: if you like this match, I will propose it; let us hear what *Realletta* will say to it, for it will be ridiculous to propose it, and have her refuse afterwards.

Lady Prudentia. She consent! she shall consent.

[*She sends for Realletta.*]

Enter Realletta.

Lady Prudentia. *Realletta*, how do you do, child? is your head better? your good friend *mrs. Patchup* desires to see you; you are vastly obliged to her, I'll assure you; she has proposed a great match for you, far beyond what I expected; a man of quality, with ten thousand pounds a year; a fine house in town, and another in the country, both richly furnished. I am sure, my dear child, you will comply with my commands, in accepting this advantageous offer.

Realletta. Is he a christian?

Lady Prudentia. A christian! what have you to do with a christian? get you out of my sight.

[*Realletta goes out of the room.*]

Mrs. Patchup. Madam, I think you are a little too sharp with miss; suppose you tried a mild behaviour; some tempers will be persuaded to do as we would have them, that will not be drove to it; let us try if we can draw her into the world; let us steal away her good books; put *Tom Jones*, *Perigrine Pickle*, and such diverting books in her way: if you send for doctor *Pliable*, I will give him a hint to say she is not well, and to order her physick of a *Sunday*, to keep her from church: you must surprize her into amusements; she will like the world well enough, when she is in it: if you will give me leave, I will talk to miss of duties in life.

Lady Prudentia. You may, if you please: but, I think, the girl is entirely spoiled by religion, and will never make any figure in the world.

Mrs. Patchup goes to Realletta.

Mrs. Patchup. Come, miss, dry up your tears, your mamma has forgiven you, upon condition you will behave for the future as a good

good daughter: your mamma, child, knows the world better than you do; and that a woman is no-body, if she has not acquaintance, and is not known at all great assemblies; you had better comply with your mamma in all these things; you are always safe, when she is with you; 'tis upon your account she goes to publick places.

Realletta. I am very sorry mamma should order me to do any thing the scripture forbids; sure these publick places are not pleasing to God? for, if I dress myself like a christian, she tells me I shall make a ridiculous figure, and she is ashamed to take me with her.

Mrs. Patchup. I hope, miss, you would be dressed like other people? no-body dresses better than your mamma, who, with her agreeable manner and compliances with the world, charms at fifty-five.

Realletta. I don't pretend to find fault with mamma; she must do as she pleases; but, for my part, I desire to shew the christian in all my behaviour; if I can please God, I shall be easy, as to the opinion of the world.

Mrs. Patchup. Pray, miss, have you forgot the fifth command? *Honour your father and mother, that your days may be long in the land.*

Realletta. I hope I shall always respect and honour mamma, and obey her commands in every thing that is not contrary to the scriptures; but I must not let the love of my mother lead me into sin; for my Saviour says, whosoever loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.

Mrs. Patchup. Sure that can never be religion which encourages children to disobey their parents; sure, child, you mistake the scriptures; I don't believe there is any such text about not loving fathers and mothers.

Realletta. I would advise you, *Mrs. Patchup*, to begin the new testament, and read it quite through; you will find a great many more christian duties there, perhaps, than you imagine.

Mrs. Patchup. Indeed, miss, I am not come to learn religion of you; I shall keep to the religion I was born in; I will never be a scribe and a pharisee, indeed, not I; and so your servant, miss.

Mrs. Patchup returns to lady Prudentia, where she finds lady Fidelia.

Lady Prudentia. I am glad, *Patchup*, you are returned, for lady *Fidelia* has preached me almost asleep; she says we are not christians 'till we believe in Christ.

Mrs. *Patchup*. I think, madam, we are all born christians who live in a christian country.

Lady *Prudentia*. No, no, *Patchup*, there you are mistaken; *Jews* are born in a christian country: but, I say, we are made christians, when we have a christian name given us.

Mrs. *Patchup*. How can a name make me a christian?

Lady *Prudentia*. You talk simply; you don't know what a christian is: now let me tell you what a christian is, a christian is a person who has been baptised, confirmed, and received the sacraments.

Mrs. *Patchup*. A christian, then, may rob on the highway; for the man who robbed the last mail was baptised, confirmed, and had received the sacrament, to my certain knowledge.

Lady *Prudentia*. Pray, mrs. *Patchup*, don't judge your neighbours: how can you pretend to say, the man that robbed the mail was no christian; I am apt to think, if you had asked him, if he had been a christian, he would have told you he was.

Mrs. *Patchup*. Sure, *Turks* and *Jews* would make as good christians as these: the Lord deliver me from such christians as rob upon the highway.

Lady *Prudentia*. Lady *Fidelia*, give us your opinion of a christian; there is no bearing *Patchup*'s nonsense about it.

Lady *Fidelia*. I think a name, as mrs. *Patchup* observes, can never make a christian, any more than taking the name of any noble family will make me one of their family. I can only, truly, call myself of that family of which I was born. The christian name supposes me to be of the family of Christ, but does not really make me so; I must be born of the nature of Christ, before I am, truly, one of his family. A regenerate christian cannot rob upon the highway; for his tempers must be such as are described in the fifth chapter of *Galatians*, verse 22. Regenerate godfathers and godmothers, indeed, promise for the child, 'till it knows how to choose the good and refuse the evil; (because they believe, if the child dies, before it has power to resist the operation of divine grace, that the grace of God will change the nature of the child, and make it fit for the kingdom of heaven:) and they further promise to teach the child (if it lives to age of apprehension) the christian faith, the power of which they experience in themselves. They know, by divine grace, they now believe all the

articles of the apostles creed; and, by the same divine Spirit, have been enabled to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil: and they can promise to teach the child, how it may attain all that spiritual victory they have attained themselves, for the grace of God is promised to all who ask for it: but if the child will not listen to them, and will continue in his natural state, they dare not bring it to the bishop to be confirmed in a faith it has not. But I would advise you both to read over the publick baptism of infants, which will inform you what a solemn vow the christian makes of renouncing the world with all its vanities.

Mrs. *Patchup*. Read over their vow in baptism do you mean the christening service? why that is not in my prayer-book.

Lady *Fidelia*. Mrs. *Patchup*, can you say your catechism? Is that in your prayer-book?

Mrs. *Patchup*. Madam, I could have said it, but, other things have put it out of my head now.

Lady *Fidelia*. 'Tis pity people confine all their views to this short life; I hope you will both consider these points. Your servant. (Exit lady *Fidelia*)

Lady *Prudentia*. Oh! I am glad lady *Fidelia* is gone; I love her vastly, but I can't bear her religion.

Mrs. *Patchup*. I am sure, madam, she makes you dull, whenever she comes; I wish you would give an order to your porter never to let her, or her religion, into your house more.

Lady *Prudentia*. I find I must take your advice; well, you may tell the porter never to let her in again. I find myself all over nerves, pray call for the hartshorn-drops.

Religion became every day more odious to lady *Prudentia*, and her aversion became insurmountable to *Realletta*, who continued firm in her resolution of following the rules of the scriptures: they tried all ways to draw her into the world; but, every design proving ineffectual, at last it was agreed, that she should be sent, by the advice of doctor *Pliable*, to drink the waters lately found in *Cornwall*. She was placed with an old, superannuated grandmother, where she was to abide till she would comply with the customs of the world, and forsake her primitive religion.

The History of Honoria and Sophia.

HONORIA and his sister *Sophia* were left very young to the care of guardians, their parents dying within two months of each other: they had the best education given them, in regard to every thing belonging to this world, but as to religion that was not thought of. *Honoria*, at the age of eighteen, was sent to travel: lady *Sophia*, who was two years younger, lived with lady *Please-all*, her aunt, who had two very beautiful daughters, that were continually making conquests amongst the young men. Lady *Sophia* was sensible she had no charms in her person, but, as her mind was accomplished, she found it agreeable to converse with the graver sort. Several people of sense frequented her aunt's drawing-room, as well as many gay, fluttering people. It happened, one evening, the conversation turned upon the variety of opinions in the christian religion. Lady *Sophia*, who was always furnished with something to say upon every other subject, found herself deficient here, which piqu'd her to inform herself upon the subject of religion: she read several books of controversy, but, having an excellent understanding, she soon perceived that whoever wrote upon the christian religion appealed to the scriptures for the support of their arguments; she, therefore, set herself to read the scriptures with the greatest attention: going soon after into the country gave her a favourable opportunity of spending several hours every day in this important study. The observation she made, was, that the whole of the scriptures were repeated declarations of the mercy of God, in providing for us a happiness beyond our comprehension, in the redemption of mankind by our Lord Jesus Christ. She found a particular satisfaction in the study of the scriptures, which she had never felt in the study of any worldly science. She would often say, our Saviour proved himself to be God, by every word that proceeded out of his mouth, as well as by his great miracles and forgiving sins: she found a witness in her own heart, proving his commands to be divine. — One evening, after the family returned to *London*, she had the pleasure to see the famous *Contesto*, who had wrote upon religion, enter her aunt's drawing-room: she soon made herself of his party. The discourse

discourse turning upon the last book he had published, she was desired to give her sentiments of it.

Lady Sophia. I hope the wise *Contesto* will excuse me, if I differ from him in one particular, since I approve all the rest of his book. I think you place too much power in the fallen nature; doing right seems peculiar to the life of grace.

Contesto. I think, madam, I can support my opinion, if you admit of free-will in man: here is right and wrong set before me, 'tis in my power to choose the good and refuse the evil.

Lady Sophia. In scripture I find, the evil I am to avoid is part of myself; and all the good I aim to do, receives a tincture of evil from the pride that accompanies my good actions: and how to be delivered from this evil of pride I know not, 'till I pray to God to take it out of my heart, and to give me a just opinion of my fallen nature.

Contesto. Madam, if man is incapable of doing right, you make God the author of sin.

Lady Sophia. No, not so; for, by his wise decree, all must be born the children of *Adam* and partakers of his sin: but God, in his mercy, restores us to righteousness, when we are willing to resign our sinful nature; and, therefore, God is so far from being the author of sin, that 'tis he alone that can take sin out of our hearts.

Contesto. But, madam, how can man be accountable for his actions, if he has no power to do good?

Lady Sophia. If I am lame, I have no power to walk; but, if a remedy is given me for to cure my lameness, I have power to take it; and, therefore, shall be accountable for refusing the remedy, and also the bad consequences which may ensue from my not walking.

Contesto. But how are you sure the remedy will cure your lameness.

Lady Sophia. That must depend upon my faith in the person who offers it. I do believe, from scripture, that God has given me a promise to enable me to love what is right, tho' by nature I love what is wrong; for, if I did not, there would be no contradiction in my will to the will of God.

Contesto.

Contesto. I apprehend virtue is a habit: if a man uses himself to do right, in time he will come to like it.

Lady Sophia. I think, tho' custom is a second nature, it cannot be depended upon, for a strong temptation often prevails over habit; and I never can, by habit, get the better of desiring the good opinion of the world, for it is the vice of the fallen nature to set up themselves in the opinion of those they esteem.

Contesto. How can you call love of esteem a vice? I take it to be a laudable virtue, and the motive of many great actions.

Lady Sophia. If I have just opinion of myself, I shall not desire esteem to be given me for any good that is seen in me, being sensible the grace of God has wrought all the good; and, therefore, my taking esteem to myself is robbing God of the glory which belongs to him alone. But I speak as a christian, who is always humble in his own eyes.

Contesto. Can you give me an instance of any person who, by divine grace, has overcome all his sins? I don't find your pretenders to inspiration are better than other people, tho' they have more spiritual pride.

Lady Sophia. Spiritual pride must proceed from want of inspiration; you will allow the fruits of the holy Spirit, mentioned in the *Galatians*, are holy tempers; spiritual pride is not in that catalogue; pride of any kind cannot proceed from inspiration, but is always the fruit of the corrupt tree; and whosoever is only a pretender to inspiration, remains in his natural state; but whosoever is really inspired, will shew the fruits of the holy Spirit, in his life and conversation.

Contesto. Pray, madam, are you inspired, are you perfect?

Lady Sophia. If you see any good in me, impute it to inspiration; for I continually pray for the holy Spirit to change my corrupt nature; and, am sure, I can do no good thing in my own strength: as to perfection in our nature, it can only be seen in Christ, and we are no farther perfect, than as his righteousness is imputed to us: we live here the life of faith, and are every day growing by divine grace into the likeness of our Saviour; the imperfection you observe in sincere christians, proceeds from the remains of the old nature, which perhaps may never be entirely destroy'd, 'till they go out of this body of flesh.

Contesto.

Contesto. Excuse me, madam, arguing with you any longer; when you come to inspiration, there's an end of argument: I can never talk with an enthusiast.

Lady Sophia. I believe your pretenders to inspiration may be called enthusiasts; for, I understand, a pretender to any thing is not possessed of the thing he pretends to have; but can you believe yourself able to perform any christian virtue, without the inspiration of the holy Spirit?

Contesto. Madam, I allow the influences of the holy Spirit, but I detest enthusiasts.

Lady Sophia. I pity enthusiasts; and, if I can be influenced by the holy Spirit, I hope I shall be inspired to perform the christian virtues. [Contesto takes his leave.

Lady Sophia could never get a second conference with *Contesto*; she was equally unfortunate with the rest of her aunt's visitors, who were esteemed knowing in religion: other conversation was become so disagreeable to her, that she often retired from the most admired wits, to contemplate in her own apartment; her behaviour grew, at length, so particular, her aunt found herself obliged to take notice of it; she found it absolutely necessary to put her out of her family, upon the account of her daughters; and, as the young *Honoria* was upon the point of coming over, she made that her pretence to settle *Sophia* in a house and family of servants, to receive her brother according to his rank. *Lady Sophia* had but just acquired the art of governing a family, when *Honoria* arrived from his travels, perfectly accomplished for a man of fashion; the brother and sister met with equal pleasure, to see each other; *Honoria* likes every thing she provides for his reception, and being of a careless temper, averse to business, puts the whole of his affairs under the management of his sister; the great love *lady Sophia* had to her brother, made her a very good steward; her greatest difficulty was in avoiding parties of pleasure her brother is continually making upon her account; but going into the country soon put an end to this perplexity, tho' it brought in her way a much greater. There was in the neighbourhood a true country parson, who had more of the farmer than the divine; he had one only daughter, a pretty young creature about nineteen: *lady Sophia* soon perceives her brother grow

particular to this young woman, which was a great concern to her. She used all prudent means to draw him out of her way; which he perceiving, grew more reserved in her sight, and so well deceived her, she thought no more of the affair, but was very assiduous in fortifying the mind of this young creature with religious principles, which might enable her to resist temptation: she thought what she said took some effect upon the mind of the young *Maria*; but one day (to her great surprize) she heard she had left her father's house, and was no where to be found; she had the satisfaction to see *Honorio* ignorant of her flight, by the real concern he shewed to have her found: *Honorio* and the father of *Maria* spent several weeks in a fruitless search; and, when they had given up all hopes of finding her, *Honorio* shewed she was not indifferent to him, by the melancholy that appeared in his countenance; lady *Sophia*, who had long waited for an opportunity of telling her brother the christian faith, now thinks him in a proper disposition of mind to hear her speak of the miseries of the fallen nature. There was, in the middle of a large wood, about a mile from the house, a *Venetian* building, which *Honorio* often made a retreat from his company; lady *Sophia* (as by accident) took a walk that way, and, opening the door quietly, she perceived her brother lying on a couch in a melancholy posture, reading a letter; she stood a few minutes observing the agitation in his countenance; he folded up the letter, and, with a deep sigh, put it into his pocket; then, turning his eyes towards the door, he observed his sister; immediately he assumed an air of gaiety, and enquired after the company he had left; she told him the company were well entertained with each other, and she hoped they two might have half an hour's conversation.

Honorio. It will be perfectly agreeable to me to hear my dear *Sophia* discourse upon any subject.

Lady *Sophia*. Since you have given me liberty, I must chuse my subject, and pursue a thought, which struck me, since I came into this room; which was, of the misery I observe to be in every human creature; even you (who are the picture of happiness) I am sure feel misery, and, if you would own the truth, would tell me, you now wish yourself some other being than man.

Honorio.

Honorio. I know I am not happy, but that's my own fault, because I can't govern my passions.

Lady Sophia. Your affections are, undoubtedly, the cause of your miseries; but to govern affections is not in our power; 'tis the nature of man to love evil, under the appearance of good; and so blind is his reason, that it cannot distinguish the evil in disguise, till he suffers by it.

Honorio. I will allow any thing to the power of affection, and that it often makes our misery, but sometimes it makes us happy; and, if a man could love nothing in this world, it would not be worth living in it; we must take the good with the bad, and make ourselves as happy as we can.

Lady Sophia. If I can fix you in the resolution of being as happy as you can, and you will trust me, I will insure you a happiness you have never yet tasted; and which, when you have, the whole world will not bribe you to resign.

Honorio. I will never believe that any man can be happy always; and, as to your scheme, I take it to be all fancy.

Lady Sophia. Why should you think God has not provided a happy state for man? can you think God could make a being to be his own tormenter? sure, this thought is not worthy of your idea of the supreme power, who created all things?

Honorio. I believe the supreme Being is all goodness, and gives me more than I deserve, and I am an ungrateful creature not to be contented with what I have.

Lady Sophia. Your feeling yourself an ungrateful creature, and deserving punishment, proves to you that you are in a fallen nature; what I would have you consider is, how your nature can be restored to what it ought to be.

Honorio. Sister, I must tell you, if you talk of a fallen nature, and being restored, and this sort of stuff, you will be thought mad; come, let us go back to the company.

Lady Sophia. I am sorry you will not hear all I have to say; for, sure, you might be convinced of the truth, if you would attend to it.

Honorio returns to the company.

Lady Sophia continues some time in contemplation, reasoning with herself why almost every body is averse to hear a truth which so

much concerns their own happiness. Surely, she said, our nature must be greatly averse to truth ; for, 'till we can prevail upon people to pray to God for that holy Spirit, which leads us to all truth, 'tis in vain to shew them the christian truths, for they cannot apprehend them till the mind is enlightened by the holy Spirit of God ; and, 'till they can be persuaded to venture giving up their pleasures in this world, they will not be prevailed upon to pray that they may be led to the truth : I found the world was the great obstacle to my religion ; I thought I could never bear to live alone, and be despised by every body, wise and unwise ; but how different does the world appear to me now ? nothing but my affection to my brother could make me endure it ; but the little gleam of hope I have, he may be one day convinced of the truth, by a sister he dearly loves, makes it seem criminal in me to retire. As lady *Sophia* was returning back to the house, by the side of a bench in one of the covered walks, she observed a piece of white paper folded like a letter ; she took it up, and, perceiving it was really so, opened it, and, looking for the name, she found it subscribed *Maria* : having a concern for that young creature, she could not forbear reading the contents ; which were as follows.

MARIA'S Letter to HONORIA.

My LORD,

“ I beg your pardon for having disappointed you, and a thousand times over for having ever encouraged your criminal passion ; my love was so great, it hurry'd me to comply with your request of meeting you in the summer-house ; the trouble I felt in my mind keeping me waking all the preceding night, as soon as day-light appear'd, I began to dress myself, and adorn my person as well as I was able, putting on my silk gown, and all my best things ; the papers you gave me remain'd still in my pocket ; the diamond ring, I thought, look'd well upon my hand ; when I had finish'd my dress, I set out for the appointed place, full of guilty joy ; love quicken'd my pace, and I found myself in the summer-house, an hour before the appointed time of six ; the sun, shining in a very glorious manner thro' the trees, made a
“ most

“ most chearful scene ; a profound stillness of all sounds, except
 “ the warbling of the birds, so innocently gay, struck me with a
 “ guilty shame, that I could not join with the brute creation, in
 “ my song of praise ; I began to wish your appointment had been
 “ made in a dark night, and the garden illuminated with the
 “ artificial light of lamps ; but, on a sudden, I determined to cast
 “ away thought, and returned into the summer-house ; there lay
 “ a book upon the table, which I, taking for a novel, opened, with
 “ a design to divert my too serious thoughts ; but how much
 “ more serious were they made by finding in my hand a prayer-
 “ book ? and, the prayer that first met my eyes being for one
 “ under a strong temptation, I read it through, and was frighted
 “ at myself ; I then took the papers, and the ring you had given
 “ me, and flung them upon the couch with surprising resolution,
 “ and, with the same spirit, ran out of the summer-house, and
 “ thro’ the wood, as fast as fear could carry me ; when I came
 “ to the bottom of the walk, I found a gate that was lock’d, which
 “ I jump’d over in an incredible manner ; when I found myself
 “ in the great road, I began to feel safer, but walked on as fast as
 “ I could, ’till, an empty post-chaise passing by me, I prevailed with
 “ the postilion to take me in, and carry me whither he was going :
 “ I am now in a place where you will never enter : pray think
 “ no more of me ; I thank God, my love to you lessens every day.
 “ I hope you will forgive all the mistakes and failings in

“ *Your poor Maria.*”

Lady *Sophia* was full of surprize to find the affair had been car-
 ried so far between her brother and *Maria*, and delighted to see
 she had escaped with innocence : she laid the letter in the place
 where she found it, and walked on towards the house ; at the door
 she met her brother, who passed her by, without speaking, and
 ran up the walk which she came down : for some weeks she per-
 ceived her brother had a deep melancholy upon him, and that he
 tried all ways to divert himself : she often tried to speak of reli-
 gion, but he would not bear to hear any thing of that nature ;
 at length, some of his intimates came from *London* to visit him : by way
 of amusement, he takes them to a race, about twenty miles distance.

Lady

Lady *Sophia* lived alone for a fortnight, which, as she spent it entirely in devotion, seemed to her but a few hours; *Honorio* and his companions returned in great spirits; lady *Sophia* was forced to summon her christian patience to endure their noise; the first thing she attended to of what they told her was, they had met with her cousin *Flirtilla*; *Honorio* told her she expressed great affection for her, and talked of making her a visit; they spoke very much in praise of her person and equipage; lady *Sophia* having been ill used by her aunt lady *Please-all*, *Honorio*, who was piqu'd at her behaviour, never had visited his aunt, nor seen the beautiful *Flirtilla*, who was lately married to Sir *Simon Cash*, a wealthy citizen: lady *Sophia*, who had no cause to resent any ill usage from her aunt's daughters, was very glad to hear she intended to come, having hopes she might become serious, now she was a wife: the next day, being very fine weather, *Honorio* asked his sister to take the air in his chaise, and in a frolick drove her to the seat of Sir *Simon Cash*: lady *Flirtilla* received her old friend with great joy, and persuaded them to stay two or three days: lady *Sophia* perceives marriage had made no change in the lady *Flirtilla*; she thought her behaviour rather too gay for a wife, and, the first opportunity, she determined to talk to her upon that subject: one morning, when *Honorio* and Sir *Simon* were gone to field-sports, lady *Flirtilla* proposed a walk in the woods to lady *Sophia*, who readily accepted the offer; in the walk lady *Sophia* begins her discourse.

Lady *Sophia*. I am very glad to see my good friend mistress of so large a fortune, and that she is married to a man who relieves her from the trouble of management, I know, is so contrary to her temper; but hope you will now consider the prudent part, and conform your behaviour a little to the manner of the family you are come into, who, perhaps, may disapprove some of your innocent gay ways, they don't understand.

Lady *Flirtilla*. I believe my dear *Sophia* is the best creature that ever was born; pray tell me, whenever I do wrong; I hope we shall be a vast deal together this winter; I intend to dine with you every day Sir *Simon* goes in the city.

Lady

Lady Sophia. I would have you inform yourself about the christian religion: I believe you are very ignorant in the scriptures; while we are together, let us make them our study.

Lady Flirtilla. I often read a chapter on a *Sunday*, tho' I don't know why I read the scriptures more on that day than any other. Tell me why people are more religious on a *Sunday* than on a *Monday*: no-body goes to church on a *Monday* morning.

Lady Sophia. *Sunday* is called the Lord's-day; 'tis a day of rest from worldly business; a day in which we remember the creation of the world and the redemption of mankind. You must understand you are born in sin, and cannot go to heaven when you die, unless you believe in Christ.

Lady Flirtilla. I desire to go to heaven, when I die: I believe in God, but I know nothing of Christ.

Lady Sophia. If you believe in God, and desire to please him, you will soon become a believer in Christ; because you will see in the scriptures, it is pleasing to God you should believe in him whom he hath sent.

Lady Flirtilla. Indeed, my dear cousin, I don't understand a word of your discourse.

Lady Sophia. Have you never heard of *Good-Friday*, why it is kept a fast?

Lady Flirtilla. *Good-Friday*! what is it? Pray, why is one *Friday* better than another?

Lady Sophia. You shall read a book I will lend you, which tells you the meaning of all these days.

Lady Flirtilla. Is it a diverting book?

Lady Sophia. Child, you want improvement more than diversion: I am really sorry to see you so ignorant of what is so necessary for you to know.

Here they met with *Honoria*, who puts an end to this discourse. *Lady Sophia* and *Honoria* returned home the next day: sir *Simon* and his lady promised to come to them in a fortnight. *Honoria* talked all the way of lady *Flirtilla*, and begged of his sister, as a favour to him, she would never speak again to her upon the subject of religion, for she could not bear it. *Lady Sophia* flattered herself she should now enjoy a fortnight's quiet: but, alas! in two days

days came lady *Flirtilla*; sir *Simon*, having received intelligence of the death of the *Great Mogul*, was gone post to *London* to manage in the stocks, and lady *Flirtilla* took this opportunity of coming to her dear *Honor*a. Lady *Sophia* was so pre-possessed with her brother's having a real passion for *Maria*, that she was blind to his growing affection to lady *Flirtilla*. These two lovers were so well pleased with each other's company, that they gave lady *Sophia* liberty to enjoy the greatest part of her time in her own apartment. Sir *Simon* was so taken up in managing his money, for a whole month, that he never thought of lady *Flirtilla*; but, when he did, he sent for her to town, not being able to leave his affairs, 'till it was certain whether the *Great Mogul* was alive or dead. 'Twas with great regret she left the country: but, not many days after, *Honor*a told his sister he should remove his family to *London* for the winter. How gladly would lady *Sophia* have lived alone in the country-house? but, perceiving her brother to grow still fonder of her, she was willing to try one winter, in hopes he would give her leave to speak sometimes to him upon religion.

Two days after *Honor*a was arrived in town, parson *Plod* was surprized with the sight of his daughter *Maria*, whom he met, within one field of his house: she fell on her knees, and asked his pardon for having left him without leave, but hoped, when he heard her reasons, he would rather commend than blame her.

Parson *Plod*. I desire you will walk back to the farm-house, for I can't tell whether I shall receive you or not, 'till I have consulted your mother: but let me hear your reasons for running away.

Maria. I did not fly from you, sir, but from the criminal solicitations of *Honor*a, which I could not otherwise escape.

Parson *Plod*. What did *Honor*a propose to you?

Maria. The terms upon which *Honor*a would receive me, were, a settlement of three hundred pounds a year for my life, and the promise of doctor *Creep*'s parsonage for you.

Parson *Plod*. Doctor *Creep*'s parsonage! why that is a good five hundred pounds a year; and, upon my word, three hundred pounds a year for a girl that has nothing is a fine present. Where is this settlement?

Maria

Maria. Oh! fir, when it pleased God to give me power to leave *Honoria*, I scorned his settlement, and left it at the place of appointment.

Parson Plod. Child, why did not you consult me in your affairs? perhaps I might have drawn him in to marry you; a man must love a woman very well who gives so handsomely: I am sure he took a world of pains to find you, and paid all my expences in messengers upon that account; indeed, I thought it was all done out of respect to me and my wife, but, I find now, it was all on your account. But, child, you should have given the paper of the parsonage to me, that was mine; giving him back your own settlement was sufficient surely.

Maria. Oh! fir, could I keep any thing that I knew was given as a purchase for sin!

Parson Plod. But, child, what do you intend to do? your mother and I can't keep you; for all the country thinks you are with child, and it will be a scandal to us to harbour you in our family.

Maria. I thought it my duty to come to you, as soon as *Honoria* left the country; before I durst not come. Don't be so cruel as to suspect my honour.

Parson Plod. Let me hear where you went, and what you did, when you were absent, that I may satisfy the neighbours.

Maria. I met with a post-chaise in the great road, which carried me to *London*; I was set down in *Piccadilly*. I begged of God to direct me right, I cast myself intirely upon his providence. I wandered through several streets; I saw many people, but none that looked as if they would assist me, 'till I met with lady *Secludia*; she was coming out of a poor house, with such an air of goodness, that I thought she resembled the lady *Sophia*: I ventured to make her a courtesy; she immediately, with good humour, asked me if I had not some trouble upon my mind; I could not speak for some time: she bid me follow her, which I did, and, after making two more visits to the poor, she brought me to her own house. She bid me go into a little room, on the left hand of the hall, and compose my thoughts: (this little room was a repository for the poor; on the one side was a press filled with coarse cloathing, on the other a closet filled with medicines, and shelves filled with books to give away :) I sat down, and remained like one in a trance,

thought being in a manner suspended. Very soon the lady *Secludia* entered; in the tenderest manner she led me into my story; but, when I related the escape I made from the guilty appointment, she burst into tears of joy, and said, Let us give God the glory; upon which, kneeling down and I by her side, she made a most heavenly prayer, in which I felt a divine joy I never had felt before. She afterwards said many kind things to raise my spirits; one of which was, that I should be in her house, 'till I could safely return to my friends; my answer was, I never durst return to my father, while he continued so near *Honoria*; she very obligingly replied, it would be proper for me to see my father, when *Honoria* was absent; but she would give me a letter to the lady *Feliciania*, that, if I found any inconvenience in living with my parents, I might have a secure retreat with her. She advised me to write to *Honoria*, which letter she would convey to him. I said, I grieved to think what *Honoria* would suffer upon my account, for he loved me dearly; she begged I would comfort myself in regard to *Honoria*, for all men, in their old nature, were inconstant, pleasure was their pursuit, and, when one object was removed, they sought another: at present you think *Honoria* all perfection, and, indeed, he is esteemed as one of the best of the young men; but the christian sees there is nothing good in us, and none to be depended upon but who are believers in Christ, for the others live only in regard to the world. One of these best young men will endeavour to ruin as many young girls as please his fancy; he seldom enquires whether his tradesmen are paid, tho' he is punctual in discharging his debts of honour; he lets his domesticks ruin themselves, and it is rather a matter of mirth than concern to hear of their sufferings; he lives without God in his family, and contrives his servants should have most work upon the day of rest: they support vice, and ridicule religion; this they call sincerity, for 'tis their nature to do wickedly: they are, in the world, the instruments of evil, which is a dreadful thing to think of; and such a person is your *Honoria*! pray to God to shew him to you as he is in his sight. I lived three months in this heavenly family, where religion was the constant theme of conversation; I never heard a word spoke, in regard to the present world, but what was absolutely necessary: we had prayers, publick and private, every day, and the scriptures expounded. I find a great change of heart, since I have

known

known what religion is. Yesterday the lady *Secladia* informed me *Honor*ia was come to town; this news made me very desirous to leave it, tho' I could have staid for ever in her family. She took a tender leave of me, and put in my hand a letter to lady *Feliciania*, in *Cornwall*, with twenty guineas to bear my expences. Now, sir, you have my whole story.

Parson *Plod*. Well, child, I am glad it is no worse with you; come along with me, I believe your mother will receive you.

Maria lived with her parents very peaceably for some time; but now, observing her father very deficient in the office of a christian minister, in a meek and humble manner, she endeavoured to shew him his duty; she mentioned prayers in the family, prayers in the church twice every day, a sacrament every *Sunday*, catechising the children *Wednesdays* and *Fridays*, visiting the sick, reproofing the reprobates in their own houses, rebuking swearers in the high roads, telling godfathers and godmothers the danger of being forsworn, and the forbidding cards and drinking in his own house. This discourse so fired both father and mother, that *Maria* was quite surprized, for she thought these duties were omitted through ignorance: her mother, who was both ignorant and vulgar, said the girl was turned *Mahometan*, and that she durst not let her stay in the house, for fear she should bewitch her family: her father took a place for her in the western stage the *Monday* following, which brought *Maria* to the seat of lady *Feliciania*.

The lady *Sophia* and *Honor*ia began to live, in their house in town, after the same manner they had done last spring; but this regular way of life was soon disturbed by the lady *Flirtilla*, who put it in *Honor*ia's head to have a concert once a week, and all the polite company in town invited, and a select party kept for a ball; this he proposes to lady *Sophia*, who discoursed the matter with him as follows:

Lady *Sophia*. Dear brother, why should you insist upon my doing a thing so disagreeable to me, which you have often told me you disliked?

*Honor*ia. I did once dislike musick, Town, but now I am excessively fond of it, and I must have it: I will do the honours myself;

only you make your appearance for an hour, and say you don't love musick, and no-body will mind your leaving us.

Lady Sophia. I beg you will excuse me in a ceremony so contrary to my way.

Honoria. Well, do as you please; the world knows you love to be particular: I will try if lady *Flirtilla* will supply your place.

This proposal lady *Flirtilla* readily accepted; and no-body's house was now become so agreeable to the town, as *Honoria's*; and lady *Flirtilla* took care that lady *Sophia's* footman visited every great lady in town; she soon became the sole manager of *Honoria's* family and fortune; lady *Sophia* seldom sees her brother but in company, and perceived every day the world prevailed with him more than ever: she sometimes spoke to him of his expences, which subject he could as ill bear as that of religion: in this way they spent the winter, lady *Sophia* being intirely ignorant of what the world said, in regard to her brother's friendship with lady *Flirtilla*, when one morning she received the following letter:

L E T T E R.

M A D A M,

"The world esteems you a woman of sense and religion; but is that consistent with your encouraging an intrigue with lady *Flirtilla*, a married woman, and your brother? I don't know what views of interest you may have in this black design, but am sure nothing can excuse you in my eyes, however you may deceive the world with your pretended religion."

Sunday night, March 22,

Lady *Sophia* read over this barbarous letter several times, which disturbed her mind more than she imagined words could ever have done; she now set herself to observe the behaviour of her brother and lady *Flirtilla*, which by a thousand circumstances convinced her they had a real passion for each other; she took the first opportunity of speaking to lady *Flirtilla*, whom she knew to be a vir-

tuous

tuous creature in her own thoughts, tho' really criminal in her's, by giving the least encouragement to any man's passion, after she became a wife. Lady *Flirtilla*, hearing lady *Sophia* was not well, and kept her room, came to make her a visit; she entered with a gay satisfied air.

Lady *Flirtilla*. My dear *Sophia*, what is the matter? you look ten years older than you did a week ago.

Lady *Sophia*. I am really vexed; take this letter, and read the cause. Lady *Flirtilla*, having read the letter, with great confusion in her countenance, said:

Lady *Flirtilla*. Can you guess who writ this abominable lye? but the best way is to take no sort of notice of it; I would have you appear with me and your brother together every-where, and brave it out to the world; I shall insist upon this behaviour from you, to clear me of all suspicion.

Lady *Sophia*. I perceive you regard the share the world has in this affair, more than I could wish you to do; 'tis no matter what the world says: but are you clear in your own mind, that you look upon my brother with an indifferent eye; that he is no more to you, than any other man; your affections ought now to be entirely confined to sir *Simon*.

Lady *Flirtilla*. Sir *Simon*, I assure you, is very easy with my conduct, and has never said a word about this affair; he never was fonder of me, than at this present time; nor we never lived happier together.

Lady *Sophia*. A letter, like mine, would probably turn the scale, and make him very unhappy, as it has done me.

Lady *Flirtilla*. What would you have me to do? if I should alter my behaviour, that would be proving to the world I have been in the wrong: I think the best way is to take no notice, and go on just as we do; only let you and I be more together.

Lady *Sophia*. I consider nothing but the christian part in this affair; I fear you love my brother better than you imagine; and that the affection which you now think so innocent, may, through indulgence, in time, become criminal; nothing but the christian religion will set you free from these bondages, in which the world entangles all its votaries; 'tis impossible to live the life you and all

fine

fine people do, without being in continual danger of losing your peace of mind.

Lady Flirtilla. You know, I never will hear you talk upon religion; and so your servant.

Lady Sophia was grieved to see lady *Flirtilla* obstinate in resisting religion; which, she knew, could only relieve her from a passion that was leading her into great misery.

Sir Simon Cash, who was a good-natured man, and had a regard for lady *Sophia*, upon account of her screening his awkwardness, and informing him in the manners of the polite world, of which he was entirely ignorant, came in, in this instant.

Sir Simon Cash. I fear my visit is rather of the latest to a sick lady; but I was resolved to ask you how you did myself; I had been with you an hour sooner, but that I met with a stop at *Temple-Bar*; pray, how do you do?

Lady Sophia. I am rather better; these little warnings of death, *sir Simon*, are very necessary to put us in mind, that our great change will certainly come.

Sir Simon. I think, if a man wrongs no-body, and takes care of his family, he need not trouble his much about death.

Lady Sophia. Don't you allow, *sir Simon*, we must give an account of our time? God has given us time in this world, to improve for eternity; your eternal riches are all spiritual, and we shall carry them with us out of the world; all the rest of our riches we must leave behind us, for other people to squander away.

Sir Simon. Madam, don't think I am unmindful of my affairs in the other world, neither; I go to church every sabbath-day, and all that part of the family which belongs to me, I take with me; I don't swear, but when I am in a passion, and then I am sorry for it: indeed, I don't give much to the poor, because I intend, when I die, to leave a pretty handsome sum to the foundling-hospital.

Lady Sophia. I wish, *sir Simon*, that money you intend for the foundling-hospital, was given in your life-time; for, when you are dead, 'tis no longer yours; you are then giving away the right of your next heir.

Sir Simon. Why, now, I can't persuade myself to give this money in my life-time, and yet I am willing to give it, after I am dead ; you are a wise woman ; tell me what is the reason of this ?

Lady Sophia. The reason of this is, *sir Simon*, that you love your money, and prefer the earthly before the heavenly treasure ; you are sensible you don't want this money ; but you can't part with it, because you love it : now God requires that we should love those things that are eternal ; he bids us give him our hearts, which are our affections ; and this we must do in this life, in order to have treasure in heaven.

Sir Simon. Why, madam, do you think one must love nothing in this world ? money helps us to every thing ; so that, if a man may be allowed to love any thing in this world, he must keep his money. Ha ! ha !

Lady Sophia. If I love the world, I cannot love God ; and in the love of God consists all my heavenly treasure.

Sir Simon. 'Tis my love of money (you are in the right) makes me take pains to get it ; I would give up all the pleasures in the world, to get money : I am sure a man has more pleasure in getting money, than he has in spending it.

Lady Sophia. If you could love God, as well as you love money, you would give up all pleasure to serve him.

Sir Simon. Why, as you say, madam, we depend upon God for every thing we are to have in the next world ; and then I hope I shall love him : but is it necessary to love God, while we are in this world ?

Lady Sophia. Depend upon it, if you ever should taste the happiness I find in religion, you will own that God gives in this world far better things than money can purchase ; and he gives heavenly treasure to all that ask it of him.

Sir Simon. Madam, you tell me strange things, I will talk with you again upon this matter : I do think, as you say, that the treasure I carry out of the world with me, is of more value to me than that I leave behind.

After *sir Simon* was gone, *lady Sophia* had many reflections passed in her mind, concerning her brother's unhappy situation ; at length she determined to shew him his own evil heart, tho' she feared the conse-

consequence would be a quarrel ; but that she dreaded less, tho' she loved her brother extremely, than submitting to a deceit, in seeming ignorant of his criminal passion ; she had scarce made this reflection, when *Honor*a entered her room.

*Honor*a. Pray, have you sent to enquire after lady *Flirtilla's* health this morning ; she is very ill.

Lady *Sophia*. Is *Flirtilla* ill ? she was here yesterday.

*Honor*a. You don't know she's ill ? you have made her ill with your hypocritical cant : what could you mean by shewing her that letter ? I know from whence it came ; from that wicked mother of hers, that hates her.

Lady *Sophia*. Brother, you are very warm in this affair ; I fear your affection is more, than it ought to be, for a married relation.

*Honor*a. How can I have too much affection for so valuable a person ! she has more real goodness, and strict honour, than any woman in the world : tho' she is surprizingly handsome, she don't know it : she was never seen out of humour in her whole life, and makes the best of wives to that beast of a husband, that don't deserve her.

Lady *Sophia*. I agree with you, that *Flirtilla* is good-humoured and agreeable ; and I am very sorry to say, that you are her greatest enemy, tho' you do love her so well ; and still you are a greater enemy to yourself, whom you love better than *Flirtilla* : if you will hear me with patience, I will shew you *Honor*a as he is : but first let me hear what you think of yourself ?

*Honor*a. I think, I would not wrong any creature in the world.

Lady *Sophia*. What do you think of poor sir *Simon* ? you are stealing away his wife's affections ; and would be glad to hear he had broke his neck : here I take you to be in the high road towards murder and adultery, both which begin in the heart.

*Honor*a. So, madam, a very pretty character you give of your brother : is he not a thief also ?

Lady *Sophia*. Yes ; a man that refuses to pay his taylor's bill, once a year, is as much a thief, as he that steals a suit of cloaths out of his shop.

*Honor*a. Am I guilty of covetousness ?

Lady *Sophia*. I doubt you covet many things you don't possess : you covet a larger estate ; you covet a place at court ; you covet a
ribband ;

ribband ; you covet every fine horse that you see : now repeat all the good you think in yourself,

Honoriam. I think, I am a man of true honour.

Lady Sophia. I desire you will explain what you mean by a man of honour ?

Honoriam. A man of honour will support his friend's cause, right or wrong.

A man of honour never betrays any villainies he has seen at *White's*.

A man of honour always pays his debts of honour.

A man of honour neither beats his whore, nor starves her.

A man of honour never tells lyes, unless it be to women, trades-people, fathers, mothers, and wives.

A man of honour never lies with his friend's wife, unless his passion gets the better of him.

A man of honour never consults any, but a man of honour, in his affairs of consequence.

A man of honour never discovers a private duel.

A man of honour never enquires into the reason of a challenge.

A man of honour delights to see two fellows box, and gives them money to animate their blows.

A man of honour never pretends to have religion.

A man of honour hates all that do pretend to have religion.

A man of honour never says his prayers.

A man of honour does not believe a word of the scripture.

A man of honour makes *Sunday* a day of business.

A man of honour does not care where he goes, when he dies.

A man of honour will fight any man that reflects upon his character.

Lady Sophia. How differently do you and I understand the man of honour ? he appears to me the contrast of what you have described ; let us reverse the character.

A man of honour never will support his friend in a wrong cause.

A man of honour tells the secret villainies he has seen at *White's*, to every young fellow he meets.

A man of honour never contracts any debts of honour.

A man of honour is true to his wife, whom he neither beats nor starves.

A man of honour never tells a lye upon any occasion.

A man of honour lies with no man's wife but his own.

A man of honour never consults any, but an honest man, in his affairs of consequence.

A man of honour discovers a private duel to the captain of the guard.

A man of honour, if he receives a challenge, sends for one of the challenger's friends, desires he will enquire into the reason of the challenge, and, if he judges him to be in the wrong, promises to acknowledge it, in the same company where the affront was given.

A man of honour hates to see two men boxing each other, and gives them money to desist from that cruel exercise.

A man of honour imputes all his virtues to religion.

A man of honour esteems no-body, but who has religion.

A man of honour prays to God to direct him right in all his actions.

A man of honour believes every word in the scriptures.

A man of honour makes *Sunday* a day of rest to his servants and horses.

A man of honour dreads to go amongst villains, when he dies.

A man of honour dares not commit murder to support his character.

Honorio. I can assure you, sister, no gentleman will speak to your man of honour; he will be thought a scoundrel, and kick'd out of company.

Lady Sophia. The world that now prevails, seems to set wrong in the place of right; and happy is it for those who have courage to be particular in the right way, and not regard the world.

Honorio. Sister, you talk like a fool; every man of sense does regard the world; no-body talks of wrong and right, every body tries to divert themselves as well as they can; these serious thoughts are quite laid aside; it is very ill bred to pretend to think a man, that is not continually laughing, will ever be well received in company; a serious looking man will be thought a fir *Simon Cash*, who

who is always calculating his expences, and balancing his accounts.

Lady Sophia. I am sorry to see you list yourself one of these wrong-headed people.

Honorio. Now, as much in the wrong as you think me, I can assure you, I always intend to do right; and a good intention is every thing, in my opinion.

Lady Sophia. Indeed, brother, you mistake your intentions; you intend to please yourself, and would be glad to have what you do happen to be right; but this is not to intend right, but pleasure, which you make the motive of all your actions; but you mistake your pleasure, for true pleasure consists in obeying the will of God, which is the rule of all right.

Honorio. Sister, if I was to follow your religious rules, they would make me mad; my nature requires to be diverted, I can't live without it.

Lady Sophia. Brother, the fault is in your nature.

Honorio. That I can't help.

Lady Sophia. You may ask of God to give you a new nature, which he has promised to every one that desires it; and in this new nature you will love what is right, and feel so much happiness in your own mind; you would not desire to be diverted from it by worldly amusements: brother, I observe, you don't attend to my discourse.

Honorio. Sister, I cannot attend to you, when you talk of the new nature; you know I hate religion; I insist upon your going with me to see lady *Flirtilla*; you are well enough, I am sure.

Lady Sophia. I really cannot countenance your friendship with lady *Flirtilla*, therefore don't expect to visit her.

Honorio. Then, sister, you and I must part: can I keep anybody in my house, that refuses to visit lady *Flirtilla*?

Lady Sophia. Brother, my affection for you is so sincere that I must speak the truth, and am sorry you can't bear to hear it: I am ready to leave you, if you desire it; tho' I would suffer any usage, if I had a hope left that you would ever hear me upon the subject of religion.

Honoria. You may depend upon my word, that I never will hear you upon the subject of religion.

Lady Sophia. Then I find we must part.

Here she burst into tears, which *Honoria* called hypocritical, and, running out of the room, clapped the door with such a fury as alarmed the whole family: they found lady *Sophia* fallen into a swoon, and the servants, being excessively frightened, ran after their master, and told him their lady was dead; he swore they were all hypocrites, and they might take care of their hypocritical lady themselves, and immediately left the house.

As soon as they brought lady *Sophia* to herself, she desired to be left alone. She was now fully determined to leave her brother, being convinced that she had lost all power with him, to serve him either in the point of religion or fortune. For some days lady *Sophia* kept her bed with a fever; neither her brother nor lady *Flirtilla* inquired after her health. She was revolving in her mind where she should go, when she received the following letter from *Maria*:

Letter from Maria to Lady Sophia.

Hon. Madam,

" I could not satisfy myself without acknowledging the favours
 " I have received from the lady *Sophia*: to her instructions, and
 " the good books she gave me, I impute the first impressions that
 " inclined me to seek after religion, which now makes the happiness
 " of my life. By a recommendation from lady *Secludia* (to whom
 " I desire you will send the inclosed) I am introduced into the family
 " of lady *Feliciania*, your ladyship's cousin. I can't forbear telling
 " you how happy I live: this lady's house is very large and strong,
 " tho', they say, it has been built above three hundred years; the
 " country round it is very dry and pleasant: the whole parish be-
 " longs to her ladyship: the farm-houses are all neat, and every one
 " has

" has a gravel path that leads to the church: the people are well
 " cloathed, and look pleased. They tell me it was a sad, poor
 " place, before this good lady came to live here; but now you
 " neither see want nor extravagance, every body is employed, and,
 " to oblige my lady, the ale-house people are turned bakers, and
 " sell no liquor stronger than good small-beer. Here is the finest
 " contrivance to employ the idle hours, invented by my lady and
 " mr. *Knowall*, (an old servant, who has lived in the family forty
 " years; he understands all sorts of trades; I have heard he has
 " travelled round the world.) There is a building round a back
 " court; on one side is a shop, where he teaches the farmers sons
 " to make every thing belonging to husbandry: on another side
 " there is a shop, where he teaches to weave cloth of all sorts;
 " and over that a room, where he teaches to make suits of cloaths:
 " on another side there is a shoe-maker's shop, where they make
 " boots and shoes; and over that a school, where boys and girls
 " are taught to read: and, on the other side, a house, where
 " women spin; and over that a room, where girls work plain-
 " work and make manteaus; here they say their catechism twice
 " a week; I have the care of this room, which I find a very
 " pleasant employment. The order of teaching is in this manner;
 " any young person may come who brings a ticket from their
 " parents, which tells how long they may stay. My lady finds em-
 " ployment for all people that want work; but she pays them a
 " halfpenny a day less than the farmers, because she would employ
 " them only on such times as the farmers can spare them: all
 " these people go to church twice a day. Our church is the
 " prettiest place that ever was seen; all the seats are the same, being
 " single seats with high backs, and matted; a seat holds four
 " people, has four prayer-books, and at each end a glass lamp:
 " there are two large branches for candles in the middle aisle: the
 " pulpit is neat, and covered with purple velvet, as is the com-
 " munion-table: at the lower end is a sweet organ. Our parson is
 " a very good man, and grows a better christian every day. We
 " have prayers at half an hour past eleven in the morning: in the
 " winter, evening-prayers begin at seven, in summer at eight.
 " On *Wednesdays* and *Fridays* the parson expounds the catechism, and
 " on

" on other evenings he expounds one of the chapters: he gives
 " the sacrament every *Sunday*, and preaches morning and evening.
 " We have every day a psalm, and the organ is played at the even-
 " ing service. People come twenty miles round to see our church
 " lighted up on an evening: indeed, it is a heavenly thing to be
 " there. We have but one door to our church; and a room goes
 " out of the church-porch that has a good fire in it, for people to
 " dry their cloaths and warm themselves, if it is bad weather. My
 " lady has had very good health, since she came in this country:
 " she gets up at seven in the morning; at eight the bell rings for
 " family prayers, (which is in a large room that will hold forty
 " people;) no-body is denied coming in; this lasts half an hour:
 " after prayers my lady walks about the house, and orders her
 " affairs: at nine the bell rings for breakfast. Miss *Realletta* comes
 " most mornings; my lady is very fond of her, because she is so very
 " pious. My lady makes me breakfast with her. We have
 " generally strangers to breakfast, who come to be informed by my
 " lady about religion; with them, and in the poor's room, my lady
 " employs herself 'till the church bell rings; she takes all in her
 " family to church with her: we come back by twelve, for our
 " house is very near the church, and has a covered walk that
 " leads to it; at twelve, if it is fair, my lady takes her walks, and
 " visits her tenants, and all that she thinks want her advice: she
 " comes home about two, and retires 'till three: soon after we
 " go to dinner, which is always plain, and consists of four things,
 " but we seldom dine without company: from five 'till six my lady
 " visits all her shops: at six we drink tea, and the parson generally
 " comes, and stays with us 'till evening prayer: then we all go
 " to church, which lasts an hour: at eight we come back: between
 " eight and nine my lady often plays to us on the organ, and sings
 " an anthem; (she has taught me to play and sing) my lady has a
 " charming voice, and will teach any poor girl she thinks will learn;
 " at nine we sup: half an hour after we have family prayers: at
 " ten every body retires to their own apartment. My lady desires
 " her love to you, and should be very glad, if you would spend the
 " summer with her, I hope you will, for no people on this side
 " heaven can live happier than we do. My lady is the best of
 " women:

“ women: the sweet contentment in her countenance charms every
 “ body that sees her: her conversation is so heavenly, that it makes
 “ every body forget their troubles. Calmness and contentment goes
 “ through the whole family.

I am

Your Ladyship's most obedient

*Paradise-Hall, in the
 County of Cornwall.*

And thankful humble Servant,

MARIA.

Lady *Sophia* looked upon this invitation of her cousin's as the providence of God, who had provided her a friend in her afflictions: she determined to accept the offer, being sure she should like the manner of life *Maria* had described: she sent to acquaint her brother with her design of going in two days.

Sir *Simon Cash*, having heard lady *Sophia* was going a long journey, came to take his leave, and to offer his service in managing her money in the stocks.

Enter Sir Simon Cash.

Lady *Sophia*. I am obliged to you, sir *Simon*, for this second visit: I am going to leave this town, finding I can be of no service to any creature, in the way I would wish to serve them.

Sir *Simon*. Madam, I am sorry you are going to leave us, but, undoubtedly, you have your reasons. Can I be of any service to you in money affairs?

Lady *Sophia*. If you will take the trouble of managing my fortune, you will do me real service, for I desire to think as little of this world as possible.

Sir *Simon*. If will venture to promise you a good six hundred pounds a year, lady; and, perhaps, a little more, if things go as

I wish

I wish. I shall be glad to serve you, for I think you are a good woman.

Lady Sophia. I wish, *sir Simon*, you would value me so much, as to consider what I have said to you in regard to your eternal interest. We have a great work to do in this short life; we must, in this world, seek for those heavenly treasures we are to live upon in eternity.

Sir Simon. Pray tell me what you mean by heavenly treasures? I can't rightly apprehend, how I can carry any treasure with me into the other world.

Lady Sophia. You are sensible, *sir Simon*, riches in this world are only valuable, as they promise us such things as we have a mind to have: we are sensible money will purchase the good things of this world, but is of no service to us in the next: this heavenly treasure I speak of, is the riches we believers see hid in Christ, who has purchased for us, by his sufferings, an eternity of happiness. Now, as money helps you to all you want in regard to this world, so faith in Christ gives us believers this heavenly treasure I speak of; and, as we increase in faith, we improve our interest in the next world, where is our heavenly country and our new *Jerusalem*.

Sir Simon. If I could believe there was another country for me to live in, after I left this world, I think I should take care to get this heavenly treasure you speak of; but I don't believe it enough to think it true; I believe it as if it might be, or might not be; I think upon it I don't know how, as if heaven did not belong to me: I think I could like to go into just such a world, when I die, as this I am now in. If these things you speak of are true, why don't I believe them? and, if they are not true, how come you to believe them? tell me how this is, lady?

Lady Sophia. The reason you don't believe in this heavenly country, *sir Simon*, is, that you now think it would be as impossible for you to live in it with pleasure, as it would be for a fish to live in the air, or an ox to fly like a bird; but, through faith in Christ, our nature becomes so intirely changed, that we are made able to apprehend the pleasures which are provided for us in the next life; and, when we are possessed of spiritual happiness, we can readily comprehend there is a heavenly *Jerusalem*, and a promised land, wherein the righteous shall dwell to all eternity.

Sir

Sir Simon. But, madam, is it necessary my nature must be changed, before I can comprehend these things you speak of?

Lady Sophia. Undoubtedly: it is promised in scripture; and, if you pray to God to give you this new nature, he will give it you; and then you will find such a change in your affections, as will make you begin to hate your money, and be ready to give it to every body that asks it of you; for you will be afraid of riches, lest they should keep you out of the kingdom of heaven: you will divide the balance of your accounts, every year, amongst the poor and indigent, and dread to begin, every new year, a richer man than the last.

Sir Simon. How, madam! hate my money, and dread to be richer next year than I was the last; I can never pray for such a change; let me keep my money, and I will pray for any other change you would have me.

Lady Sophia. *Sir Simon*, you are like the young man in the gospel, who kept all God's commandments, but could not part with his possessions to follow Christ. You see in this scripture, how hard it is for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven: I beg you will consider, before it is too late, and weigh the difference between time and eternity: you will find it your real interest to give up all that opposes the faith of Christ in your heart, which, to the believer, is a continual fountain of happiness.

Sir Simon. Madam, it is not so easy for me to part with my money as you think it is; I can't do this all at once; however, I'll try if I can persuade myself to give a shilling every day to some poor body or other; this is eighteen pounds five shillings a year; won't that do?

Lady Sophia. You know, *sir Simon*, what you give to the poor, is lent to the Lord, and he he will repay an hundred fold.

Sir Simon. I think it is my business then to pray for faith; for, if I could believe in the scriptures as much as you do, I am sure I should give half my goods to the poor.

Here lady *Sophia* received a compliment from *Honoria*, with an offer of his equipage to convey her to *Cornwall*; *sir Simon* said he would ride with her twenty miles of her way; the next day lady

Sophia left *London*, with a resolution never to return: she determined to take a house near to lady *Feliciania*, and to spend the remainder of her days in devotion.

Honorius rejoices in the absence of lady *Sophia*, as she was now become a bar to his happiness: all true religion being removed out of his family, he feels himself at full liberty to pursue his own schemes of pleasure.

to every body that asks it of you; for you will not let them should keep you out of the kingdom of heaven: you will divide the balance of your accounts every year, amongst the poor and indigent; and dread to begin, every new year, a richer man than the last.

How, madam! hate my money, and dread to be richer next year than I was the last; I can never pray for such a change; let me keep my money, and I will pray for any other change you would have me.

Lady *Sophia*. Sir *Simon*, you are like the young man in the gospel, who kept all God's commandments, but could not part with his possessions to follow Christ. You see in this scripture, how hard it is for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven: I beg you will consider, before it is too late, I weigh the difference between time and eternity: you will find your real interest to give up all that opposes the faith of Christ, your heart, which, to the believer, is a continual fountain of happiness.

Sir *Simon*. Madam, it is not so easy for me to part with my money as you think it is; I can't do this all at once; however, I'll try if I can persuade myself to give a shilling every day to some poor body or other; this is eight shillings a year; won't that do?

Lady *Sophia*. You know what you give to the poor is sent to the Lord; and I'll give you an hundred fold. Sir *Simon*. I think it is my business then to pray for rain; for if I could believe in the scriptures as much as you do, I am sure I should give half my goods to the poor.

Here lady *Sophia* received a compliment from *Simon*, with an offer of his equipage to convey her to *Cambridge*; Sir *Simon* said he would ride with her twenty miles of her way: the next day lady *Sophia*